

In 2020, scholar Dr. Helena Archontakis uncovered a hidden manuscript in a Greek monastery, revealing a paraphrased version of Hegesias of Cyrene's "Death by Starvation." This relic, meticulously transcribed by the scribe Callisthenes in the service of Ptolemy II Philadelphus in ancient Alexandria, carried the weight of forbidden wisdom. The original work was later preserved by the monk Theodosius within the monastery's hallowed halls.

As Dr. Archontakis translated the ancient Greek text, she bridged the gap between the philosophical musings of Hegesias and the modern era. The digital age provided a platform for this profound wisdom to be shared globally, connecting minds across time and space. Thus, the journey from the clandestine scribe Callisthenes, who etched Hegesias' words in ancient Alexandria, to the diligent monk Theodosius, who safeguarded them in a Greek monastery, found its culmination in the 21st century's digital archives.

### **Death by Starvation – Hegesias of Cyrene**

*Scene: A dimly lit chamber where an unnamed man gathers with a group of concerned friends.*

Friend 1: Dear friend, you've summoned us here in somber tones. What is the purpose of this gathering?

Unnamed Man: In the twilight of my existence, my dear companions, I am compelled to unveil a truth that flits on the periphery of our collective consciousness—a truth that embraces the surrender to starvation as the ultimate act of emancipation.

Friend 2: Starvation? Emancipation? What leads you to such drastic conclusions, friend?

Unnamed Man: As I stand before you, a humble messenger of my impending demise, I implore you to lend an ear to the rationale coursing through my weary veins. Complete happiness, an elusive specter, dances beyond the reach of mortal hands.

Friend 3: Dear friend, are you suggesting that death is the path to happiness?

Unnamed Man: The body, a vessel fraught with sensations, weaves a tapestry of discomfort that the mind, in its sympathy, cannot escape. Fortune, capricious in her whims, obstructs the fruition of our cherished anticipations.

Friend 1: Life is a struggle, but can't we find joy and meaning amidst the hardships?

Unnamed Man: Life, a ceaseless tapestry of strife and fleeting joy, entwines with death, a companion deemed undesirable by the undiscerning eye. Both life and death harbor intrinsic allure.

Friend 2: But what of pleasure, friend? Can we not find fulfillment in the pursuit of what is good?

Unnamed Man: Those who opine that nothing is inherently pleasant or unpleasant beckon us to ponder the fickleness of desire. Pleasure and pain intertwine like inseparable lovers, rendering the pursuit of perfect happiness a Sisyphean endeavor.

Friend 3: You speak of wealth, poverty, slavery, and freedom as mere illusions. Are they not significant in shaping our experiences?

Unnamed Man: In the cosmic dance of folly and wisdom, the wise person, liberated from the shackles of external judgment, gazes upon life with indifference. Existence becomes a canvas upon which to paint the strokes of autonomy, and no external boon rivals the treasures the wise bestow upon oneself.

Friend 1: So, for the foolish, life is clung to tenaciously, but for the wise, it is a matter of indifference?

Unnamed Man: (nodding) The wise one, guided by an inner compass, finds solace in the pursuit of self-interest, acknowledging no equal in significance.

Friend 2: But dear friend, your chosen path, the descent into starvation—is this not an act of despair?

Unnamed Man: I beseech you to understand that my chosen path is not an act of despair but a manifesto of liberation. The wise person considers the chief good to be living free from all trouble and pain, and this end is best attained by those who look upon the efficient causes of pleasure as indifferent.

Friend 3: Friend, we grapple with the weight of your words. Is there no alternative path to ease your troubles?

Unnamed Man: This discourse is not a plea for intervention but a revelation of the philosophical journey guiding my footsteps toward a chosen destiny. In the annals of existence, let it be inscribed that in my parting breath, I sought release from the inexorable dance of pleasure and pain, embracing the tranquil nothingness.